"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne

ERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE. Y EVERYBODY.

THE knowledge that ignorance is bliss makes a happy woman unhappy.

Maxims of Mother Eve.

Early birds, with cold bottles on the side, bring early wrinkles.

No woman is insolvent so long as she can smile cheerfully.

When there is the devil to pay, woman has to foot two-thirds of the bills.

It wasn't Samson's physical strength that angered Delilah, but his mental weakness.

We do not object so much to Kipling's "rag and bone," but he might have given us one more "hank of hair."

Remember that the man who tumbles from the pool of love over his depth into the lake of matrimony, drags a woman in with him.

The hand that rocks the cradle belongs to the happiest woman in the world.

The old woman who tries to act like a girl of sixteen looks as natural as a cow climbing a tree.

"Dear me, the stage women used to be as modest as any others in my day," complained Aunt Martha.

"But that was before so many society women went on the stage," explained her wise nephew.

LOTS of people in Montana have manners. But the manners aren't all alike. If you doubt it, read this sign which is hung in conspicuous place in a Butte, Mont., restaurant:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Patrons of this restaurant will please not throw butter and other things on the walls and ceiling, or mix ketchup, vinegar and sauces—thinking it a joke!

WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS REWARD For information to convict any one guilty of such disorderly conduct!

"Are you the man who sassed my wife?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Will you kindly tell me how you got up the courage to do it?"

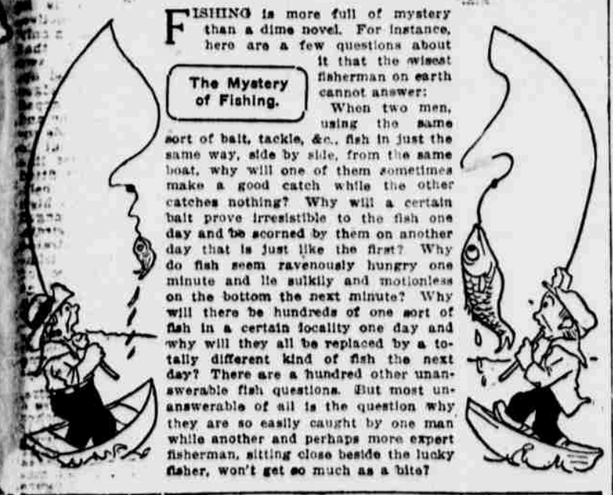
AN elder while baptizing converts at a revival meeting advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water, says Life. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered.

After a pause a tall, powerful-looking man who was looking quietly on remarked:

"Elder, I don't want to interfere in yer business, but I want to say that this is an old sinner you have got hold of, and that one dip won't do him any good; you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

"Where are the modest, clinging girls of a generation ago?" asked the sentimental bachelor.

"Sitting up for their husbands with rolling pins," explained the benedict.



FISHING is more full of mystery than a dime novel. For instance, here are a few questions about it that the wisest fisherman on earth cannot answer:

The Mystery of Fishing.

When two men, using the same sort of bait, tackle, &c., fish in just the same way, side by side, from the same boat, why will one of them sometimes make a good catch while the other catches nothing? Why will a certain bait prove irresistible to the fish one day and be scorned by them on another day that is just like the first? Why do fish seem ravenously hungry one minute and lie sulkily and motionless on the bottom the next minute? Why will there be hundreds of one sort of fish in a certain locality one day and why will they all be replaced by a totally different kind of fish the next day? There are a hundred other unanswerable fish questions. But most unanswerable of all is the question why they are so easily caught by one man while another and perhaps more expert fisherman, sitting close beside the lucky fisher, won't get so much as a bite?

A Million Wheels.

"IT is estimated that there are now in service on the railways of the United States one million solid steel wheels, or about 5 per cent. of the total wheels under freight and passenger equipment," says the Railway Age Gazette. "These wheels are now used quite generally for tenders, engine trucks and passengers, and, their use is increasing in freight service, especially for refrigerator cars, which are usually found on the fast freight lines. Recent orders for freight cars from five railways alone call for over forty thousand of these wheels, so that the number in interchange will soon be so large as to make charges for solid steel wheels a prominent item in freight car repair accounting."

Deep Water Doings

By C. S. Bedell

Mr. Hopper—Guess we got cheated, Mirandy, when we bought that parrot fish. He ain't spoke a word since we've had him."

Mrs. Red Mullet—Careful, children! Don't venture through the fence into that bull-head's field. He's cross and he hates red!

The Day's Good Stories

Couldn't Play Hamlet.

LEADING MAN IN TRAVELLING COMPANY—We play Hamlet to-night, Isadie, do we not?

Sub-Manager—Yes, Mr. Montgomery.

Leading Man—Then I must borrow the sum of two pence!

Sub-Manager—Why?

Leading Man—I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play Hamlet in a beard!

Sub-Manager—Um—Well—We'll put on Macbeth!—Punch.

A Youthful Fan.

THE minds of the young idea are mostly taken up with the topic of the day—baseball, at present.

Tommy's mother was bouncing baby on her knee, muttering the usual fond foolish remarks, while Tommy was trying not to listen.

"O-oh, Biglo wee petsy-wetsy!" chanted his mother. "Mummy's and daddy's little darling! Um's precious, um is! Mummy wouldn't sell oo for a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Oh, mother!" said Tommy reprovingly. "Why, Pittsburgh only paid $22,500 for Marty O'Toole!"—Boston Traveller.

An Easy Vermont Mother.

THE native thrift of the Vermonters was under discussion and a story was told that was held to illustrate it perfectly.

There was a man in one of the interior Vermont towns who had an old horse ringboned, sparvined, with the hoaves and every other horse ailment—a mere shadow of a horse. He used to drive the horse to town every day and was jeered by his neighbors for using such a miserable beast.

One day he walked into the store at the corners. "Where's your horse, Jim," a friend asked.

"Sold him."

"Sold him? How much did you get?"

"Got a hundred dollars! Who in thunder did you sell that horse to for a hundred dollars?"

"Why," replied the Vermonter, as he exhibited a roll of bills, "I sold him to mother."—Saturday Evening Post.

Made a Difference.

IT was kit inspection and the different companies of the battalion were standing with their kits on the ground in front of them. The sergeant-major was making the examination, when his eagle eye detected the absence of soap in the kit of Private Flinn, and he demanded what excuse the man had to give.

"Plase, sor, it's all used," said Flinn.

"Used!" shouted the sergeant-major. "Why the first cake of soap I had served me for my kit lasted me three years, while you are not a year in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?"

Flinn's eye had the faintest suspicion of a twinkle as he replied:

"Plase, sor, I wash every day."

And the sergeant-major walked on, while the whole company grinned.—Tit-Bits.

Honesty Itself.

APPLICATION for employment was recently made to a Louisville business man by a young chap from the mountain region of the State. The Louisville man was favorably impressed by the stranger, but as no references were offered he determined to hold the application in abeyance until he could personally look into the young man's antecedents, which he could do when next he visited that part of the State whence the applicant hailed. It was not long before the opportunity was afforded. The Louisville man sought out the sheriff of the young man's home county and asked:

"Do you know Bill Sarka?"

"Shore, I know him."

"What kind of a young man is he?"

"Pretty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin', and acquitted each time."—Argonaut.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

A GREAT general was taking a regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down. The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he fancied he had disturbed a nest of hornets, as he thought he heard them singing fiercely about his ears. But the lad was not going to run from hornets when shots and shells were flying. Ignoring the angry insects, he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung. In a day or two he was surprised to hear that he was to be promoted.

"But," he said, modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw!"

The man gasped, stared and turned pale.

"What!" he exclaimed, regardless of grammar, "you them voices bullets!"—Tit-Bits.

"How I Write a Play"

Famous Dramatists Tell for the First Time The Methods by Which They Have Won Success

5.—By A. E. Thomas.

Author of "The Rainbow," &c.

ASKING a man how he writes a play recalls the fellow who was asked if he could play the violin. "I don't know," said he, "I never tried." One can never tell if he can write a play until he tries. And then he's not sure until he tries it on an audience.

A. E. THOMAS.

I take it that every play of consequence owes its birth and building to an idea. That idea may come to an author from a newspaper paragraph, a short story in a magazine, a chance word dropped by an acquaintance, a funny story told at a dinner table or a personal experience. A playwright is constantly on the lookout for ideas for plays. A good one is worth money to him. That's his business. But it is not every good story that can be told in dramatic form.

Granted that a given story appeals to a playwright as dramatic, his next task is to build up. He must first determine what is to be the climax of his play, the big scene, comic or strong, as the case may be. Then he must go back to the very beginning and lead up to it. He must clothe with flesh and blood the dry bones of his skeleton. He must people his stage with a group of well contrasted characters, some of whom must enlist the sympathy of his prospective audiences.

I know playwrights who proceed without any method like this. They "write themselves into it" as they go along, subsequently rejecting what is ineffective and preserving what seems good. But this is a fashion both wasteful and troublesome, as well as slipshod, and I do not think it can be commended. It seems to me that playmaking is a good deal like architecture. Building a play is much like building a house. The first thing to do is to supply a strong foundation. Upon this is superimposed your structure, and last of all comes the decorations, meaning the dialogue.

One thing seems inevitable to me. No man can write a really good, veracious play without meditation. He must know his characters. How can he make them seem real to others unless they are real to himself, their creator? But slavery to a scenario is to me incomprehensible. This may serve some writers. In fact it does—Paul Hervieu, the French dramatist, among others. But I should as lief go to jail and be done with it. I have repeatedly, when talking with managers or stars regarding an idea for a play, been asked to submit a written scenario. But I have never done so and I never expect to.

A written scenario would deprive me of all joy in the work. My characters would move like marionettes and talk like phonographs, I am sure. Every now and then too I read or hear of some playwright who works with cardboard scenery and mannikins or paper dolls, by means of which he reinforces his imagination as he progresses with his work. That's a thing I can't understand. It seems to me that a playwright who has no more imagination than that ought to be in some other business. Before I actually begin to write a play my characters are so real to me that I know what they look like, what their voices sound like, what sort of clothes they wear, where they stand or sit as they say or do what I make them say or do. Paper dolls and cardboard scenery! Why, you might as well imagine that Milton had to get a photograph of Lucifer before he could write "Paradise Lost."

Many changes are made in rehearsals, but not, I believe, as many as most people suppose. More important are the changes often made after a first performance "out on the road," before coming into New York at all. In the case of "The Rainbow" I worked steadily for two weeks, constantly changing the third act, while the piece was being played every night of its fortnight's preparatory tour. And one scene was never played anywhere until the opening performance in New York.

Now and then one has to sacrifice a scene or a character for strange reasons. One such character was entirely eliminated from "The Rainbow" because it was too good. This character, intended to be merely in the background of the main story, developed so strongly in the acting that it was ultimately decided that it seriously obscured and weakened the original theme. Eliminating this character deeply disappointed the actress who played it. But there was no help for it.

Betty Vincent's Advice

"What Chances?"

BETTY VINCENT

SUPPOSE Mr. A. is in love with Miss B., who is devoted to Mr. C., who is himself entirely heart-whole. What are the chances for Mr. C.?

That is the problem one or two letters have asked me to solve. And in the nature of things the answer cannot be definite and positive.

There is the chance that Mr. A.'s patient devotion will arouse in Miss B. a love deeper than her unrequited first fancy. There is the chance that Mr. A. will finally be accepted, but only as a consolation prize. And there is the chance that Miss B. will come to regard him as an unmitigated bore—particularly if Mr. C. relents in time.

Poor Mr. A., you are in an uncomfortable triangle! Common sense suggests an exit, but I am aware that in nine cases out of ten you will cling to your forlorn chance.

No Young Man.

"D. D." writes: "I am sixteen years old, and no young man is paying me attentions, although I have graduated from school and am considered good-looking. What shall I do?"

Stop worrying. You are barely out of childhood.

"H. C." writes: "I am in love with a charming young lady, and I have made known my feelings to her, although I have not formally proposed. Is a proposal necessary?"

Certainly, if you wish to marry the young lady.

"J. M." writes: "A young woman with whom I'm very much in love is angry because I spoke to her without being properly introduced. What shall I do?"

The obvious thing is to secure an introduction and then apologize.

"I. F." writes: "I am earning $10 a week and engaged to a widow with two children. Do you think our income sufficient to marry on?"

Not in New York, if you have no other resources.

"M. L." writes: "What is a suitable birthday gift for a girl I have known six months?"

Flowers are always appropriate.

"A. C." writes: "Should women who work in offices object if their men co-workers remove their coats on hot days?"

I do not think so. Comfort ought to outweigh the more formal considerations of etiquette.

"S. T." writes: "I am very much in love with a young lady. How shall I find out if she cares for me?"

Ask her.

The Man in the Brown Derby

A Great Summer Story of New York

By Wells Hastings

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mason Ellsworth, a young New Yorker, cannot get work because of blood red birthmarks that cover his hands. So he commends, for a large income, to marry Nancy Bond, whose Uncle Ephraim wants to get rid of her. Ephraim has had her father put in an asylum, where the latter died, and has kept Nancy a prisoner. Mason and Nancy go to a Pennsylvania farm, where they fall genuinely in love with each other. They are spied on by a mysterious man who wears a brown derby. Doubting that their marriage was performed by a regular clergyman, they plan a second ceremony. Mason goes to the nearest town to get a license. On his return Nancy has vanished, leaving an apparently forced letter of farewell. Mason starts in pursuit, believing she has been kidnaped. He traces her to Buckingham, where she and an older woman and a man lodged for the night at the house of a Mrs. Lathrop. There Nancy has left a note telling Mason she is in the power of a man who calls himself Dr. Morrison and what is taking her to New York. Mason questions Mrs. Lathrop.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Lathrop's

NO, after all she would not quite have done that; if she had been careful enough to write to me, it did not seem probable that she would have left a sheet with a torn corner behind, as a certain indication of what she had done, should her guarding dragon look through the room in the morning.

I sat down for a moment on the edge of the bed, trying to imagine what she would have done. Then I glanced over at the fireplace; it was clean and empty.

Mrs. Lathrop was watching me with interest. "No," she said, shaking her head; "no burnt paper."

Perhaps, I thought, the dragon did find the rest of the sheet; but if she had done that, she would have suspected the note itself, and would either have got it away from Nancy or questioned Mrs. Lathrop about it. It seemed more probable then, as I thought it over, that Nancy had softly slid the sheet from the drawer, and had drawn it under the bed clothes, where she might crumple it to a ball in silence. I got up and leaned out of the window; there was not a scrap of paper upon the little lawn.

"What are you looking for now?" asked Mrs. Lathrop.

"I thought," said I, "that she might have crumpled up the rest of the sheet and thrown it out of the window."

Mrs. Lathrop had been standing, now she sat down with a gasp. "Now, for certain, you'll think I'm the biggest idiot in the world," she said. "There was a little ball of paper on the lawn this morning. I suppose I am a tidy soul, Mr. Mason, for I didn't think anything about that paper at all, except that it was on my lawn, and I put it—dear knows, I am afraid to tell you—into the stove."

The little birdlike face was pink with self-indignation, and I think her disappointment was only less than my own.

"Well, it can't be helped," I said. "At least we know now how the note was written, and I can tell you I am glad of any news at all. What is the first train I can get from here to New York or Philadelphia?"

"There isn't one in either direction for an hour and a half," said Mrs. Lathrop, "and, good sakes, we have both of us forgotten about dinner."

CHAPTER XI.

The Guests.

OVER my luncheon, or dinner, as Mrs. Lathrop preferred to call it, my hostess told me everything that she could remember. She was a keen little woman and a sympathetic one, and when I told her that Nancy and I had been married but a day or so, her indignation, already very much excited, knew no bounds. She said that about 10 o'clock on the evening before the red-wheeled buggy had drawn up before her gate, and that a man describing himself as Dr. Morrison had rung her bell and asked if she had lodgings for the night for two ladies. He himself, he had explained, could only stay for supper and would return for them in the morning.

"I didn't like him very much when I first saw him," she said, "and I certainly shouldn't have taken him all by himself, and so late at night. But, after all, Mr. Ellsworth, I have lodgings to let, and, late or not, I could hardly turn two ladies away from the door; but I should very much have liked to before we got through supper.

"As soon as he found I had a room he went back to the buggy and whispered for a while, and then the two ladies got out of the carriage and came into my hall, the doctor and the nurse, as I can't help calling them, walking on each side of the young lady. It was not until the doctor had gone to put his horse in the stable that I really got a good look at the other two. Dear, dear, but it puzzled me.

"The young lady (and you were right in saying that she was lovely), looked white and frightened and as if she had been crying; and her pretty dress was torn at the neck. And all the while, as they stood there in the hall, the other woman kept a hand on her arm and looked as if she was daring her to say a word. I tell you I didn't like it at all, but here they were, and I showed them up in their room. Pretty soon the doctor came back, and I liked things still less. He's an ugly one, is the doctor, and you can take my word for it. Have you ever seen him?"

"No," I answered; "only once, vaguely, and in the moonlight."

"You know then," said Mrs. Lathrop, "that he is almost as tall as you are, with great, heavy, sloping shoulders and queer, broad, stumpy hands. His hair was black and not very thick and grew down low in the middle of his forehead, in what I think is called a widow's peak, and what with the long nose under it and eyes too small and near together and that queer, mean, little baby mouth of his; I can tell you I was sorry I hadn't slammed the door in his face."

Here at last was some picture of the man to go upon.

"How was he dressed?" I asked.

"I don't exactly know," said Mrs. Lathrop. "I remember that he did have a brown derby and that his clothes were brown too; smooth, I think, and with a narrow stripe. He wore a ring with a sort of pointed purple stone in it. All his things looked as if he had plenty of money. Still, I hated the woman more. Perhaps a woman always does hate a woman more, when she's hating at all. I thought she was fat at first, but she wasn't only heavy and broad and strong, with a square, mannish face and a silly mop of chorus-girl hair over it.

"No one said very much while they were eating their supper. The two of them had the girl between them, and talked across her, while she said nothing. Once or twice the doctor raised his shaggy eyebrows at me, as if he meant me to understand something he didn't want to say at the moment. He had caught me looking at the girl, poor dear, I suppose, and all he could think of was to make a mystery of it; for it was pretty plain that she was frightened and unhappy, and once, when she raised her hands from her lap, I noticed a red mark about her wrists, as if they had been tied together by a cord. So, when he came out into the kitchen to pay me, I asked him about it.

"'Perhaps I should have told you about it, Mrs. Lathrop,' he said, 'but there are things that one does not speak of unless it is absolutely necessary. This young lady has run away from a sanatorium, and her nurse and I are bringing her back. It would have been better if some one of her family could have come with us, but they are all abroad at present.'

"'Do you mean to say,' I asked him, 'that that lovely little thing is out of her mind?'

"'Only slightly, Mrs. Lathrop,' he told me; 'we hope to have her well in a year or so. Absolute quiet and modern treatment work wonders, you know. She imagines that she has been married, and will probably tell you so if she gets the chance.'

"'Well, she wears a wedding ring,' said I. That made him scowl at me, Mr. Ellsworth. It was pretty plain he thought I was too inquisitive; but I am not one that minds other people's scowls much, and I guess he saw that he was doing the wrong thing. So, finally, he told me that they let her wear it to keep her quiet, and I more than half believed it, because you couldn't tell from her face whether she was married or not.

"Then he went in and whispered to that nurse a few minutes, and went out without saying another word to me. Pretty soon after that the ladies went upstairs to bed." Mrs. Lathrop paused and sighed, and I, too, sat silent, impotently angry at the thought of the night that Nancy must have passed, and must pass again, for how long I could not say. I looked up to find Mrs. Lathrop staring at me in astonishment.

"What is it?" I asked.

Mrs. Lathrop chuckled. "Do you know, Mr. Ellsworth, that all this time you have been eating dinner in your gloves?"

"Why, so I have," I said, "but I am quite through now, so the harm is done."

For two days I had forgotten my hands, and this sudden reminder startled me, bringing back with a rush, as it did, the accustomed pain of my affliction; and yet this time a new thought and feeling mingled with the bitter old one; for I glanced down at my gloved hands and remembered how strong they were, with what a compensation, poor though it was, of unusual physical power they were endowed, and the reflection heartened me.

I looked up to find Mrs. Lathrop staring at me across the table. She colored, but kept her eyes bravely upon mine.

"If I was you, Mr. Ellsworth," she said, "I should go a little easy. That doctor deserves a good beating right now, but it won't help either you or anybody else to kill him."

"Kill him?" I questioned.

"Yes," she said; "isn't that what you were thinking about? You have been sitting there for the last five minutes looking like battle, murder and sudden death."

(To Be Continued.)